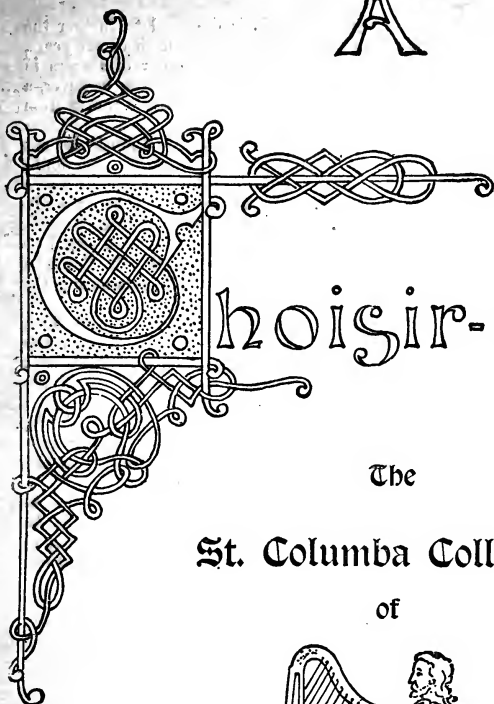


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hoisir-chiuil.

The
St. Columba Collection
of

GAELIC

SONGS



Arranged for Part-Singing.



J. AND R. PARLANE, PAISLEY.

J. MENZIES AND CO., EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

HOULSTON AND SONS, LONDON.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs and Music is designed to further the cultivation of the native music of the Highlands. Gaelic music has, until recent years, suffered greatly from the want of proper exponents—the common order of singers in public being without vocal training of any kind. Within recent years, however, a change has been taking place, and it is not now so difficult to get Gaelic music from artistes possessing cultivated voices.

But, with a very few exceptions, choirs for the singing of harmonised music did not exist; and those which were in existence had to find music for themselves. No doubt the fact of there being no published music of a cheap kind for the use of choirs was a deterrent influence in the formation of such musical societies, besides being a discouragement to the cultivation of Gaelic music among the body of the people.

A movement is at present on foot for the instituting of choirs in the more populous places of the Highlands, and on that account, the publication of the St. Columba Collection is, to say the least, opportune, and will, we trust, assist in stimulating the movement.

The songs are from the *repertoire* of the Glasgow St. Columba Gaelic Choir, to which Gaelic music is much indebted, and under whose auspices this collection is being published. By its conductor, Mr ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, most of the tunes have been harmonised; while others are by some of the most successful harmonists of the Scottish School.

A large proportion of the songs are the popular every-day songs of the Highlands, simple but effective, and offering little difficulty to the learner; and there is no reason why they should not be taken up and practised in the remote glen, as well as in the hamlet, town, and city.

The songs of the Highlands have been preserved on the tongues of the people—in many instances from remote times—in spite of much discouragement, and should be cherished as being of purely native growth, and as having the power of appealing to the heart of the Gael with much greater force than the more elaborate, but less natural compositions, of later times.

Virtue, valour and patriotism owe much of their force to song and music; and in the case of the songs of the Gael, while they retain all their naturalness, and often artlessness, there is extremely little which could be said to be injurious to virtue. If the words of our esteemed friend and Gaelic bard, Mr John Campbell of Ledaig, when he says

“Is toigh leam a’ Ghaidhlig, a bàrdachd ’s a ceòl.”

have any real meaning when sung on the lips of his fellow-countrymen, we are assured of success from the St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs.

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Gur moch rinn mi dusgadh

Words by
Dr MACLACHLAN, Rahoy.

(I early awoke).

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

Plaintively.

Gur moch rinn mi dusgadh 'san ùr mhaduinn Chéit', 'Sa dhìrich mi 'm
bruthach gun duin' ach mi fhéin; Tha 'ghrian air a tur - us a'
siubhal troimh'n speur, 'S dealt na h-oidhe a' tàrling thar ùr-dhos nan geug.

- 2 A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodann a' chùirn,
'S binn tornan a' chaochain a's aoidheala bùrn,
Le 'ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
'S e ri deàrrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'na smùid.
- 3 'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra seinn;
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn;
Na ba-laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réidhlean ud thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'gam freagairt air ball.
- 4 'S àluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas ri binnean nan stùc;
'S eubhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'nam chuinnein mar thùis;
Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a' bhrùchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dhùisg e mo shunnd.
- 5 An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r'a inns';
Nach dìrich mi tuillidh ri munadh 'san tìr—
Nach dèan mi cuis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chridh'.
- 6 Bheir mi stùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu 'n cuairt;
So an sealladh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us bruach;
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
A' teurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha truagh.

Mo Dhachaidh

Words by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

(My Home).

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Seinn iribh o, hùraibh o, hùgaibh o hi, So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh',

Bhi stiùradh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìn, Air crìochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.

Rachadh treun-fhir an cèin an dèigh sonais 'us glòir; 'Us pòitearan gòrach 'nan tòir do'n tigh-dèd,

Biodh spìocairean erlonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mise lan-shòlas 'nam fhàr-daich.

- 2 Seall thall thar an aiseig, am fagadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
Siod agaibh mo dhachaidh—'sì dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaistéal 'san t-saoghal a's feàrr leam.
Seinn iribh o, etc.
- 3 Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luaich;
Tha sòbhragan 's neòineanan 'còmh-dach nam bruach;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tuait;
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha cluanagan aillidh.
Seinn iribh o, etc.
- 4 'San àit' ud tha nàdur a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl;
Mur e smeòrach 'san duilleach 'se uiseag 'sna neòil;
'Se caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn,
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde—
Seinn iribh o, etc.
- 5 O, mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn!
'Tha 'fritheal mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan gun fhoill,
'Us caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuill.
Seinn iribh o, etc.



6 Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhion,
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dith;
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd, 's am màthair ri snìomh;
'S mo chrìdh-s' air a lìonadh le gràdh dhaibh.
Seinn iribh o, etc.

7 Air falbh uam a' mhòrchuis, an t-òr agus cliù;
Cha 'n 'eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghloir nach fhiù;
Cha 'n fhàgaimn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo ruin,
Gu bhì sealbhachadh lùchairt le bàn-rìgh'n.
Seinn iribh o, etc.

Words by
Mrs MACPHERSON.

Eilean a' Cheo.

(The Isle of the Mist.)

Arranged by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

Slowly—with pathos.

Ged tha mo cheann air liath - adh, Le diachainnean 'us bròn, 'Us grian mo leth-chiad

bliadh - na Air ciaradh fo na neòil, Tha m'aigne air an lìon - adh Le

iartras tha ro mhòr A dh'fhaicinn Eilean Sgiath-ach Nan siantan 's a cheò.

2 Tha còrr 's da fhichead bliadhna
Bho 'n thriall mi uait gam' dheòin,
'S a chuir mi sìos mo lìon
Ann am miadhon baile mhòir;
'Us ged a fhuair mi iasgair
A lìon mo thigh le stòr,
Bu chuimhneachail mi riamh ort
'S bu mhiann leam bhì 'nad chòir.

3 An tìr 'san robh na fiùrain
'S gach cùis a sheas an còir—
Co e nach d' thugadh gnùis daibh
'Us cliù 'sna h-uile dòigh!
Oir cha robh 'leud a ghrùnd
Air a chunntas 'san Roinn-Eòrp
Thog urad riamh a dhiùnaich
Rì Eilean cùbhr' a' cheò.

4 Ach có aig am bheil cluasan
No crìdh tha gluasad beò,
Nach seinneadh leam an duan so
Mu 'n truaighe 'thàinig òirn!
Na mìltean a chaidh fhuadach
Thar chuain gun chuid 's gun chòir,
Tha miann an crìdh 's an smuaintean
Air Eilean uain' a' cheò.

5 Nis, cuimhnichibh ur cruadal,
'Us cumaibh suas ur stròil;
Gu 'n téid an roth mu 'n cuairt duibh
Le neart 'us cruas nan dèrn;
Gu'm bì bhur crodh air buailtean
'S gach tuathanach air dòigh;
'S na Sas'nnaich air am fuadach
A Eilean uain' a' cheò.

Gaol an t-seoladair

Words by JOHN McLEAN, Skye.

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON.

(The Sailor's love).

Air feasgar Sàmhradh Sàbaid dhomh, 'S mi gabhail sràid leam fhéin,

Na smeòraich bha gu ceil - ear - ach, 'S iad àrd air bhàrr nan geug—

Mi cuimhneach' air an àrtn - unn A's àillidh tha fo 'n ghréin—

Nach truagh nach robh mi còmhla riut A' còmhraidh greis leinn fhéin!

2 Tha m' athair 'us mo mhàthair,
'Us mo chàirdean rium an gruaim;
'S ann tha gach aon duibh 'g radhainn
"Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh?
An di-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraiche
Bho d' òige 'thog thu suas?"
'S ann thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
'Tha seòladh thar a' chuain!

3 Tha 'anail leam cho cùbhraidh
Ris na h-ùbhlán 's mi 'gam buain;
A dheud cho geal 's an ùbhr leam,
A chneas mar fhaolinn cuain;
A ghruaidhean mar an caorann,
'S a mhala-chaol gun ghruaim—
O, thug mi gaol nach dìobair dhuit
Gu'n sìnear mi 'san uaigh!

4 Tha'r leam gur mi bha gòrach
'N uair a thòisich mi ri dòn;
Cha bhàrd a dheanadh òran mi,
'S cha chòir dhomh dol 'na dhàil:

Tha ni-eiginn air m' inntinn-sa
'S cha 'n fhaod mi inns' do chàch,
Gu 'n d'thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
Air long nam mòr-ehran àrd.

5 Ach innsidh mise 'n fhìrinn duibh—
Mur bheil mo bharail faoin—
Tha gaol nam fear cho caochlaideach,
'S e 'seòladh mar a' ghaoith,
Mar dhrùchd air madainn Chéitein,
'S mar dhealt air bhàrr an fheoir;
Le teas na gréine éiridh e,
'S cha léir dhuinn e 'sna neòil.

6 Ma s nì e nach 'eil òrdaichte,
Gu 'n còmhlaich sinn gu bràth,
Mo dhùrachd thu bhì fallain,
'Us mo roghainn ort thar chàich!
Ma bhrìst thu 'nìs na cùmhnanntan
'S nach cuimhne leat mar bha,
O, guidheam rogha céile dhuit
'Us laidhe 's éiridh slàn!

Mo Chruinneag Ileach

Words by NEIL MACLEOD.
"CLARSACH AN DOIRE."

(My Islay Lassie).

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Ochòin, a rì, gur e mi 'tha muladach! Nach robh mi 'n Il - e

'S mo ribhinn lurach ann; 'S i 'thogadh m'inn - tinn Le 'brìodal cuireadach,

'S a bheir fo chùis mi Mur till i tuill - e rium.

1 An eilean uaine
Nan cluainibh glacagach,
A dh'fhàg mi 'ghruagach
A 's uaisle cleachdaidhean;
Gur tric mi 'bruadar
Mo luaidh 'bhi 'n taice rium,
'S 'n uair 'nì mi dùsgadh
Mo rùn cha 'n fhaicear leam.

2 Cha 'n e 'cuid stòrais
'Thug dhòmhs' an acaid so,
Ach meud a bòidhchead,
'S a còmhraidh faicilleach—
Tha 'cruth gun fhòtus
'S gach seòrsa mais' oirre,
'S a guth cho ceòlmhor
Ri eòin na maidne leam.

3 Ged tha Dun-Eideann
Cho éibhinn caitheamach,
'S na mìltean té ann
Mar reultan lainnreac—
Le'n òr a' deàrrsadh
Air sràid cho farumach—
Ach cha bhi 'n àilleachd
No 'm blàth ro mhaireannach.

4 Thoir dhòmhs' a' mhaighdeann
'Tha bainndidh cumadail,
Gun cheilg gun fhoill,
Ach gu caoimhneil furanach;
Ged nach biodh 'saibhreas
No 'h-oighreachd bunaiteach,
Gu 'm bithinn aoibhneach
Le loinn na cruinneig sin.

5 Ged chaidh a h-àrach
Aig tràigh nam marannan,
Tha 'buadhan làidir
'S tha 'nàdur carthannach,
Thug gaoth nan àrd-bheann
Dhi slàint' 'us fallaineachd,
Mar ròs an gàradh
Fo bhlàth gun fhannachadh.

6 Gu 'm b' e mo dhùrachd
'Bhi dlùth do 'n chala sin—
'S 'n uair 'théid an dùlachd
Air chùl cha 'n aithreach leam—
Cha d' thug mi dùil dheth
Nach stiùirinn thairis ann,
A dhèanamh cùmhant
Ri rùn nan caileagan.

Words by HENRY WHITE (FIONN).

An Ribhinn Donn

Harmony by J. BELL, Mus. Doe.

(My Brown-haired Maiden).

Slowly, and with much feeling.

Ochòin a rì, 'sì mo ribhinn donn, Dh'fhàg mi fo mhlìghean 'us m'inntinn trom!

Gur e a bbeichead a rinn mo leonadh, 'S cha bhi mi beò gun mo ribhinn donn. -

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd A ghléusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn, 'S gu 'n innsinn buadhan Na maighdinn uasail, Mu' bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.</p> <p>2 N uair thig an Céitean do ghleann an fhraoich, Gu 'n toir e fàs air gach blàth-lus raoin, 'Us gheibh mi samhladh An sin do 'm annsachd, An fùran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.</p> | <p>3 Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh, Dearg mar chaorann tha dreach a gruaidh, A beus 's a nàdur Mar neòinean mállda, No sóbhrag dh' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.</p> <p>4 Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuilean min A th' air a' ghrugaich a bhuair mo chridh', Gur binne còmhraidh Na guth na smeòraich; 'S tha mise brònach o'n dh' fhàg i mì.</p> |
|---|---|
- 5 Ged tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 'sa cheò,
Togaidh 'n sgàile
'S ni ise deàrrsadh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri 'm bheò.

Eilean an Fhraoich

Words by M. MACLEOD.

(The Isle of the Heather).

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

Lively.

Tha Leogas bheag riabhach bha riamh 'san taobh tuath, Muir trìghaidh 'us lìonaidh 'ga h-iadhadh mu'n cuairt;

'Nuair 'dheàrrsas a' ghrian oir' le riaghladh o' shuas, Bheir i fas air gach siol air son biadh do an t-sluagh.

- 2 An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e, bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth gus an tràigh an Cuan Siar!

- 3 'N àm éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bidh ceò,
 Bidh 'bhanarach ghuanaich 's a' bhuarach 'na dòrn,
 Rì gabhail a duanaig 's i 'g uallach nam bò,
 'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.
- 4 Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnd air gach spréidh ;
 Bidh 'chuthag a's fonn oirr' ri òran di féin ;
 Bidh uiseag air lòn agus smeòrach air géig,
 'S air cnuic ghlas 'us leòidean uain òga ri leum.
- 5 Gach duine 'bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,
 Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann, cha 'n iarr às gu bràth ;
 Gach ian 'théid air sgiath ann bu mhiann leis ann tàmh ;
 'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi 'cliathadh ri 'thràigh.
- 6 Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
 Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos air taobh siar Eilean Leòghais ;
 'N crodh-laoigh anns an luachair 's am buachaill' 'nan tòir,
 'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoigh òg'.
- 7 B'e mo mhiann bhi 'sna badan 's 'na chleachd mi bhi òg,
 Rì dìreadh nan creag anns an neadaich na h-eòin ;
 O'n thàinig mi 'Ghlaschu tha m' aigne fo bhròn,
 'S mi 'call mo chuid claisreachd le glagraich nan òrd.

A Chuairt-Shamraidh

Words by JAMES MUNRO.

(The Summer Ramble).

Harmonised by JOHN MUNRO.

CHORUS. *Moderately quick.*

Hug ò - ro, mo leannan, thig mar rium air chuairt, Do dh' ùr-choill a' bharrach

'S an tathaich a' chuach; Hug ò - ro mo leannan, thig mar rium air chuairt.

VERSE.

The gruaman, a' Gheamhraidh air fàgail nam beannta, 'Sa 'sruth anns gach alltan 'Na dheann-ruith a nuas.

2 Tha aodann nan sléibhtean,
 A' dèarsadh gu ceutach ;
 'S na lusana peucach
 Ag éiridh le buaidh.
 Hug, etc.

3 Tha Sàmhradh an òr-chuil
 A' riaghladh le mòr-chuis,
 'S an saoghal ri sòlas,
 Gu'n d' fhògair e 'm fuachd,
 Hug, etc.

4 Na h-eòin 's iad ri coireal
 Feadh ghrianan na coille,
 'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
 'Cuir loinn' air gach bruaich.
 Hug, etc.

5 O! tiugainn, a leannain,
 Do choille nam meangan,
 'S gu'n uraich sinn gealladh
 'Bhi tairis gu buan.
 Hug, etc.

A Fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais

(Laddie with the flowing hair).

Harmonised by
JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.CHORUS. *Lively.*

'Fhleas-gaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais, Oig - ear a' chul dual - aich,

'A fhleasgaich òig an òr - fhuilt chais, Gur è do mhais' a bhuair mi.

1 Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi,
Do bhòidhichead a bhuair mi;
'Us gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh,
Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.
A fhleasgaich, etc.

2 'S gur e mise tha gu tinn,
'Us falt mo chinn air fuasgladh,
'S gun fhios a'm fhéin ciod e 'n cion fàth,
'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhì 'n gruain riun.
A fhleasgaich, etc.

3 Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm,
'S ite mholach, uaine,
Is mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
Do sheòmar nan daoin' uaisle.
A fhleasgaich etc.,

4 B'òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuanachd;
'S an t-snaoin a cheangail sinn gu teann,
I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.
A fhleasgaich, etc.

5 Thug mi bòid, na'm feumainn ann,
Nach taghainn seann duin' uasal,
'S nach cromainn-sa mo cheann an loch—
Gu'n òlainn deoch á fuaran.
A fhleasgaich, etc.

6 Dé ma chaidh thu dh'arm an rìgh,
'S nach urrainn mise t'fhuasgladh,
Mo mhìle beannachd às do dhéigh,
'Us tagh do rogha gruagaich!
A fhleasgaich, etc.

Chuir iad an t-suil a Pilot

(Pilot, my dog, they have blinded).

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot bàn, Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot.

Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot bochd, Gun fhios ciod an lochd a rinn e.

- 1 Dìol mo chuid mulan aig mucan a' chùbair,
Chuir iad 'nan smùid an raoid iad !
'S beag a bha fhios a'm gu 'n robh iad 'san dùthaich
Fhad 's a bha 'n t-sùil am *Pìlot*.
- 2 Ghleidheadh e dhòmhsa 'n gàradh-càil,
Gu là bho'n chromadh an duibhre ;
Policeman riamh cha robh aig na Goill,
Cho math ris air faireadh na h-oidheche.
- 3 Ged thèid mi do 'm leaba cha 'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail,
Le balaich a' bhaile 'san oidheche ;
Ach dh' fhaodadh na suirichean fuireach aig baile,
Mur dalladh a' chaile mo *Pìlot*.
- 4 Bha mo chuilean-sa ro-mhath air fuadach,
Chuireadh e suas ri beinn iad ;
Bho chùl an tighe gu 'm falbhadh e sìubhlach,
'S ruigeadh e Tùr-an-t-saighdeir.
- 5 Chuir mi *petition* a dh'ionnsaidh na Ban-rìgh
A dh' innseadh mar thachair do *Pìlot*,
'S thuirt i gu 'n cuireadh i *gini* am dhòrn
A chuireadh sùil òir a'm *Pìlot*.

Mairi Laghach

(Bonnie Mary).

Words by J. MACDONALD, Lochbroom.
Moderato.

Harmonised by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn ; Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn ;

Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn ; Mhàiri bhòidheach lurach, Rugadh anns na glinn.

- 1 B'òg bha mis' 'us Màiri
'M fàsaichean Ghlinn-smèòil,
'N uair chuir macan Bheunis,
Saighead gheur 'nam fheòil
Tharruing sinn ri chèile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal ;
A thug gaol cho mòr.
- 2 Ged bu leamsa Alba
'H-airgiod 'us a maoin,
Ciamar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaol ?
B' annsa bhi 'gad phògadh,
Le deadh chòir dhomh féin,
Na ged gheibhinn stòras,
Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu leir.
- 3 Tha t'fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fàs,
Thug nàdur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruag a bha :

- Cha 'n eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'Na chur suas gach là ;
Chas gach ciabh mu 'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'na dhual gu 'bhàrr.
- 4 Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte,
Dreacmhòr mar a b'ail ;
Tanail mar an caineal ;
Beul o 'm banail fàilt :
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris ;
Min-ruisg chinnealt, thlàth ;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
Guais gheal, 's enach-fhalt bàn.
 - 5 Cha robh inneal ciùil,
A fhuair eadh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh'aithriseadh air chòir,
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin :
Uiseag air gach lònán,
Smeòrach air gach géig ;
Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic',
'Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Words by
Prof. EWEN MACLAORLAN.

Gur Gile mo Leannan

(Like the Swan on the Lake).

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

CHORUS.

Air faillirinn, ill - ir - inn, ùill - irinn, O! Air faillirinn, ill - ir - inn, ùillir - inn, O!

Air faillirinn, ill - irinn, ùill - irinn, O! Gur bòidheach an comunn th'aig coinnimh 'n t-Srath-mhóir.

- 1 Gur gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-snámh.
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh gu tràigh,
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaille,
'S a' chuach leis fo bhàrr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlàr.
- 2 Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo rùn-sa
Gu sìubhlach a' sniomh;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidheche 'bhios 'fhiamh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.

- 3 Mar Venus a' boillsgeadh
Thar choilltean nan àrd,
Tha 'miog-shuil 'gam bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas gràidh.
Tha 'bràighe nan seud
Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i 'cur reultan fo phràmh.
- 4 'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A' còmhach nam bruaich,
Bidh gach eòinean 's a' chròc-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich;
'S bidh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich 's a' ruaig
Fo dhlùth-ghengaibh sgàileach,
A' màran ri m' luaidh.

Rosan an Leth-bhaile

(The Rose of Halftown).

Words by EVAN MACCOLL, Toronto.

Harmonised by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.C.-S

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Air faill ithil ò - ro hugò c'ùime'n ceilinn e, Air faill ithil ò - ro hugò c'ùime'n ceilinn e,

Gu'm bheil mo shaoigh' tmar bhruadar, 'se's dual domh bhi deireasach' Sm'ghaol air bheagan dòchais air Rosan an Leth-bhaile.

- 1 Cha 'n e cruath's na gaoithe an raoir chum o m' chadal mi,
'Us idir cha 'n e 'm fuachd 'chuir à gluasad le fadal mi;
'S ann tha ceann-fàth mo smuairin 's mo smuaintean air fad a nis
'N riochd cailleige ro bhòidheach tha 'n Còmh'l nan slios badanach.

- 2 Fhir 'thàinig thar Loch-fine, nach innis thu dhomh, guidheam ort—
Am faca tu 'n té bhòidheach a leòn thun a' chridhe mi?
An cuala tu 'n té chaoimhneil a' foighneachd mu 'm dheighinn-sa?
An d' innis thu mar tha mi,—'s gur bàs dhomh mur feith i rium?
- 3 Beannachd air an rìbhinn! beul sìos air fear a charadh i;
Mar nearachd a gheibh làmh rith',—'bhi bhuaiphe fàth mo sgaraidh 'n diugh;
Bhuail saighdean geur a gràidh mi—cha d' fhàg iad crioman fallain diom;
'S ann thàinig orm an gaol ceart mar thig air craoibh an dealanach.
- 4 Na 'm faiceadh tu cneas rìomhach a cum' a's glan suidheachadh,
Cha b' iongantach leat è ged bu nèamh leam bhi 'laidhe 'n sud;
Tha caoimhneas, gean 'us tròcair 'us neò-chiontachd a stigh an sud;
'S ann air-san 'bhios an loinn 'gheibh, gun roinn, gaol a' chridh tha n' sud.
- 5 Cha 'n iongantach mo luaidh-sa bhi suairce, glan, finealta,—
Cha 'n ann am measg a' chrìonaich tha 'm freumh o 'n do ghineadh i;—
Tha 'gheug de stoc a's àirde, 's tha bhlàth air mar chinnich i;
'S ged tha i fhathasd uaine, tha 'buain air aire iomadh fear.
- 6 O, 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' eudail le chéile 'n cois nam bruthach ud,
Ag iomain spréidh 's a' mànnan fo sgàil nam preasan dubharach;—
Gu 'n seinninn di mo dhuanag 's gu 'm buaininn di na subhagan,
'S gu'n caitheamaid ar saoghal ceart cho aobhach ris na cubhagan!

Ochòin a ri! 'se'n leòn an gaol

(Wae's me! but love it tries the heart).

Words by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

CHORUS.

Ochòin a ri! 'se'n leòn an gaol, Gun faochadh cnàmh mo chridh - sa;

Ach 'se a mheudaich orm mo chràdh, Nach fhaod mi'n tràth so linn - seadh.

- 1 Ge bòidheach, beusach òigh mo rùin,
'S nach dùraginn té eile,
'Nuair their mo chridh' rium "nochd do
Bidh onoir 'g ràdh rium "ceil e." [ghràdh]
Ochòin a ri! etc.
- 2 An ciomach bochd a théid gu bàs
Air sgàth a shliochd 's a dhùthcha,
Bidh dùrachd 's eud 'ga chumail suas
'S a chàirdean 'luaidh air 'chliù-san.
Ochòin a ri! etc.
- 3 Ach dé ma bhios do ghaol air té,
'S gu'm feum thu 'chumail uaigneach!
Gun ni ann 'leasaicheas do chor—
Co-mhothachadh is fuath leat.
Ochòin a ri! etc.
- 4 Ach thig mi beò an dòchas treun
Gu'n éirich saorsa fòs domh,
'S gu'm faigh mi còir air làmh 'us cridh'
Na rìbhinn òig a leòn mi.
Ochòin a ri! etc.

Words by
CATHERINE MUNN, Mull.

Tha mo run air a' ghille

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

(I lo'e the Laddie).

CHORUS.

Tha mo run air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhiar - achd gun tig thu ;

'S mi gun sìubhladh leat am fireach, Fo shìl - eadh nam fuar - bheann.

1 Oidhche shamhraidh dhomh 's mi'm ònar,
Air mo ghaol-sa nì mi òran—
'S truagh a rì ! nach robh mi pòsd'
Air òigear a' chùil dualaich.

2 O, gur e mo cheist an t-òigear,
Fear chùil duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich ;
'S mi gu'n sìubhladh leat thar m' eòlais,
Ged tha 'n còta ruadh ort.

3 Ged tha blàth na brìc' ad aodann,
Cha do lughdaich sìod mo ghaol ort ;
'S mi gu'n sìubhladh leat an saogh'l,
Na'n saoilinn fhéin do bhuannachd.

4 Tha an Nollaig 'tigh'n as ùr oirn,
Ged a tha gur beag mo shùrd rith' ;
'M fear nach fhàgadh mi 'sa chùil,
Air chùil nan garbh-thonn uaine !

5 'S beag a shaoil mi fhéin an uiridh,
Gu'n tréigeadh tu-sa mì cho buileach ;
Mar gu'n tilgeadh craobh a duilleach,
Dh' fhàs thu umam suarach.

Iorram na h-Imrich Chuain

Words by Rev. DONALD MACRAE, Lewis.

(The Emigrants).

Harmonised by W. H. MURRAY, G.T.S.C.

With tenderness, and not too fast.

Chaidh sinn-e gu tràigh, A choimhreachd chàich ; Cha till iad gu bràth An taobh so.

Long iaruinne fo'm bonn, A' sadradh nan tonn, Tha feadhainn am fonn, 'S cuid tùrs - each.

2 Clann bheaga ri gàir' ;
Am màthair fo phràmh ;
Fir mhòra an sàs
'S iad ciùrrta ;

Fras-shileadh nan deur
Gu tosdach, ach geur ;
A' sealltainn 'nan déigh,
Le cùram.

3 Iad féin 'dol an iar,
'S an talamh 'dol siar;
Cha 'n fhaicear leòsian
Ach Mùirneag.
Seall! Mùirneag 'dol uap'
'Dol fodha 'sa chuan;
Fir 'us mnathan gun tuar,
'Ga h-ionndrainn.

4 Beir an t-soraidh so uam,
Gu America Tuath,
Thun caoraich 'us sluagh
Mo chùram.

'N deadh Bhuachaill' e féin.
Biodh rompa 's 'nan déigh,
G 'an dìon o gach beud:
Sin m' ùrnuigh.

5 Ionndrainn eil' ac' ma tà,
'Toirt cridh' goirt 'us cnàmh,
Luchd an gaol 'us an dàimh,
'Toirt eil doibh.
Dh' fhàg siod iad 'nan déigh,
Nì nach fàgar 's nach tréig,
Comunn blath latha Dhé
'S a' chùbaid.

Words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD
(MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.)

He 'n Clo-dubh

(Ho! the tartan).

Harmonised by J. MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

Hé 'n clò-dubh, Hé 'n clò-dubh, Hé 'n clò-dubh! B'fheàrr am breacan; Hé 'n clò-dubh, Hé 'n clò-dubh,

FINE. VERSE.

Hé 'n clò-dubh! B'fheàrr am breacan, B'fheàrr lean breacan uall - ach Mu'm ghuailnean 's a'

chuir fo 'm achlais, Na ged gheibhinn còt - a De'n chlò 's fheàrr a thig á Sasunn.

- 2 Mo laochan féin an t-éideadh,
A dh' fheumadh an crios g' a ghlasadh,
Cuacheanach an fhéidh,
Deis éiridh gu dol air astar.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.
- 3 Féileadh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgich;
Shiùbhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bughasd' air faich' thu.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.
- 4 Bu mhat gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am éirigh do 'n ghréin air creachann;
Dh' fhalbhainn leat gu lòghar,
Di-dòmnaich a 'dol do 'n chlachan.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

- 5 Shiùbhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bhàrr feòirnein cha fhroisinn dealta;
Siod an t-suanach bhòidheach,
An òg-bhean bu mòr a tlachd dhi.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.
- 6 'S i 'n fhuil 'bha 'n cuisil' ar sinnsre,
'S an innsginn a bha 'nan aigne.
A dh' fhàgadh dhuinn mar dhùileab,
Bhì rioghail.—O! sin ar paidir!
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.
- 7 Mo chion an t-òg fearrdha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar;
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S an ùrnuigh gu 'n lean do phearsa.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

Cuachag nan Craobh

Words by WILLIAM ROSS.

(The Cuckoo of the Grove).

Harmonised by J. BELL, Mus. Doc.

Plaintively.

A chuachag nan craobh, nach truagh leat mo chaoidh, Ag osnaich ri oidhche cheò - thar;

Shiùbhlainn le'm ghaol fo dhubhar nan craobh, Gun duin' air an t-saoghal fheòr - aich.

Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich, Mo leabaidh ri taobh dòr - ainn,

Do chrutha geal caomh bhi sinnte ri m' thaobh, 'Us mise 'gad chaoin phòg - adh.

2 Chunna mi féin aisling, 's cha bhreug;

Dh' fhàg sin mo chré brònach,

Fear mar ri té, a pògadh a béil,

A' briodal an déigh pòsaidh.

Dh' ùraich momhian, dh' àth' rraich mo chiall,

Ghuil mi gu dian, dòimeach,

Gach cuisle 'us féith, o iochdar mo chléibh,

Thug iad gu leum còmhla.

3 Thuit mi le d' gath, mhill thu mo rath,

Strìochd mi le neart dòrainn,

Saighdean do ghaoil saitht' anns gach taobh,

Thug dhìom gach caoin còmhla.

Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,

'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;

'S mur fuasgail thu tràth, le d' fhurann 's le d'

Is cuideachd am bàs dhòmhsa. [fhàilt],

4 'S cam-lubach t' fhalt, fanna-bhuidh nan cleac,

'S fàbhradh nan rosg àluinn;

Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,

Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh.

Gu 'n cur iad mi steach an caol-thigh nan leac,

Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,

Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma

Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàthmhor. [seach

5 Càirear gu réidh clach agus cré,

Mu m' leabaidh-sa 'bhrìgh t' uaisle—

'S fada mi 'n éis a' feitheamh ort féin,

'S nach togair thu 'gheug, suas leam.

Na'm b' thusa bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,

Mu 'm biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,

Ach 's goirid an dàil gu 'm faicear an là,

'M bi prasan a' càradh m' uaigh-sa!

'S fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm

(I must rise and go away).

Harmonised by HENRY WHITE ("FIONN").

CHORUS.

O 's fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm, Fuireach cha dean feum ach falbh;

O 's fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm, A' dhìr - eadh nam fuar - bheann.

VERSE.

Ri! gur mis - e tha fo bhròn dheth, Air au tulaich so 'nam ònar,

D.C.

Fàth mo mhulaid thu bhi pòiste Og - bhean a' chhìl dual - aich.

- 2 Do na h-Innsean 's tric a sheòl mi,
'S anns gach caladh tha mi eòlach;
Té nì coimeas riut am bòidhchead
Gus a so cha d'fhuair mi.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.
- 3 'S ann an uair bha sinn ri mìreadh,
Air an àiridh am bràigh 'ghlinne,
'Chaidh na saighdean ann am chridhe,
Nighean donn na buaile.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.
- 4 'N uair chi mi 'n gleann 'san robh sin còmhla
'Buain nan sobhraichean 's nan neòinean,
'S sinn le chéile aotrom, gòrach,—
Ruithidh deòir le m' ghruidhean.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.
- 5 Dheanainn iomadh rud nach saoil thu,
Anns an àm ged 'mheas thu faoin mi,
Mharbhainn fiadh air àird an aonaich,
Coileach-fraoich 'us ruadh-bhoc.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.
- 6 C' uime 'm bithinnse fo smalan,
'Us mo hontan air a' chladach,
'S iasg cho math an grunn na mara
'S a thàinig riamh an uachdar.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'Fhleasgaich Oig

Words by ALEX. M'LEOD, Triaslan, Skye.

(Gallant Youth).

Harmonised by J. BELL, Mus. Doc.

Lively.

'Thearlaich òig a' chuailein chiat - aich, Thug mi gaol dhuit's cha ghaol bliadhna,

Gaol nach tugainn do dhìte no dh'iar - la, B' fhearr leam fhìn nach fha - ca mi riamh thu.

CHORUS.

Hilirinn hò - rò, hò - bha hò, 'S na hilir - inn hò - rò, hò - bha hò, Na

hilirinn hò - rò, hò - bha hò, Mo leann-dubh mòr o'n chaidh tu dhìom

2 Shiùbhlainn moch leat, shiùbhlainn anamoch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, 's gharbhach,
O! gur h-e mo rìon an sealgair,
'S tu mo roghainn de shluagh na h-Alba.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

3 'Fhleasgaich ud am beul a' ghlinne,
Le t'fhalt dualach sìos mu d' shlinnean,
B'annsa leam na 'chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dhèanadh tu rium do chòmhradh mìlis.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

4 Bha do phòg mar fhion na Frainge,
Bha do dha ghruaidh mar bhraileig shamhraidh;
Sùil ghorm chorrach fo d' mhalach gheannar,
Do chùil dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

5 'Thearlaich òig, a mhic Rìgh Séumas,
Chunna mi maor 'us tòir an déigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach 'us mise gu deurach,
Uisge mo chinn tigh'n dlùth o'm léirsinn.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

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